

*Very Rare
Not in Watson's*

THE CRY
—OF A—
STRICKEN CITY;
—OR—
THE LAST TRIP
—OF THE—
S. S. VICTORIA

BY ONE WHO WAS ON BOARD.

LONDON EAST, ONT. :
London East Printing & Publishing House.
1882.

THE CRY
—OF A—
STRICKEN CITY;
—OR—
THE LAST TRIP
—OF THE—
S. S. VICTORIA

BY ONE WHO WAS ON BOARD.

N ISSUING this second edition of the CRY OF A STRICKEN CITY the Authoress returns her sincere thanks to her numerous friends for their many expressions of sympathy at her own share in the loss of our loved ones, and desires to say this edition has been enlarged by a few more facts connected with that terrible Catastrophe believing they would be welcome to the public.

R. MARHAM,

49 LORNE AVE. LONDON EAST.



ARK ! a sound of woe and wailing
Comes upon the evening air,
While groups around, of friends and
neighbors,
Meet the sad eye everywhere.

Why this cry ? Has fever stricken
The whole city as one man ?
Or has the plague, as in time olden,
Come to London once again ?

Listen ! there's a cry now reaches
Of a woman's upraised voice,
Asking now, " Where is my darling ?"
Answered, " Locked in Death's embrace."

And with agony part deadened,
Falling back in true friends' arms
While questions asked and answers given,
Only causes fresh alarms.

On that morning, fair and lovely,
As ever shone forth summer day,
Thousands hastened off for pleasure—
'Twas the Twenty-fourth of May.

And a people, loyal in feeling,
Set apart their Queen's Birthday,
For in business they were thrifty,
They had learned where greatness lay.

Interspersing work with pleasure,
Giving each their proper places,
Some had sought the railway station,
By train to visit friendly faces.

Others, lured by lovely Nature,
To the fair banks of the Thames,
Boarded on the Royal Victoria,
Bound on gathering flowers and ferns.

Arriving safe at destination,
Hither, thither speed the crowd,
Happy parents, happy children,
Seemed the day without a cloud.

And the day passed—as such days will—
All too soon—that one at least;
For those eyes, so bright with pleasure,
Soon were dim with the death-mist.

And now the boat, already laden,
Comes along the wharf to bear
Its precious burden of immortals
To their landing—Where, Oh Where ?

Now along the Thames' green waters
Pass the merry, jovial crowd,
And forms now decked in dainty fashion
Hasten on to wear a shroud.

Ward's and Woodland landings past—
Oh ! had our helmsman honest been,
Our eyes from tears would have been kept,
And London saved from such a scene.

Into the waters deepest bend
He took us ; and the ship swayed so,
A voice cried, “ Move to the other side,”
“ Or the boat will over go.”

Too late ! They moved, one moment more
The ship now quivered to its core,
Then over went—five hundred souls
Were struggling neath the water's folds.

But some had leaped into the water,
Before the the boat went o'er
Tho' exhausted by the struggle,
Had safely reached the shore.

And now with upraised arms and voice
Of one, so escaped from death,
As with horror depicted on her face,
She sees the struggling mass.

"Save them, Oh ! save them do," she cries,
And then entreaties cease,
For scarce a head is seen to rise,
All, all have sunk to rest.

A few, but very few escaped,
And sped along the shore to take
Into the city the sad news,
And help and axes bring to use.

In the meantime, some noble men,
When the ship broke up in twain,
Regained their footing on her deck,
Though wet and weary, went to work.

And now began the awful sight,
Which dead and dying brought to light ;
Each one when saved had lost some other,
Father, son, fond friend, or brother.

Mothers, children, sisters, all
For each other loudly call,
And they scan the deck and shore
For the dress each loved one wore.

And while the hope of life still lasts
Some worked for warmth till hope was past,
And some gently bore with kindly hand
The dead and dying to the land.

Where fires burn bright to dry and cheer
Each dripping form that gathered there,
And silently the night drew on,
Which added horrors to the scene.

Hush'd were the cries, now hope had fled,
Save when one came across his dead,
Then kindly hands bore them away
And gently laid them in the dray

Which took them to the homes bereft.
In some 'twas only father left
To labor and to bear alone,
When all that made work light was gone.

And other homes there were bereft
Of willing hands and willing feet,
Of little ones that lightened care
By running here and doing there.

And homes bereft of father's love,
And helpful means which made life move
So easily from day to day,
And chased the wolf of want away.

And still the ghastly work went on
All through the night and early morn,
Of bringing the dead from the waters cold
Till two hundred and eighty were found, all told.

But who is this ? both tall and strong
Who stands with stricken face,
While in his arms there rests a form
Of childhood's winning grace ?

Ah ! well we know for many a year
Will come the harrowing thought,
Had I been there to do and dare
E'en death had harmed her not.

But thou canst go where she has gone,
Though she may not return,
They're gone before and got safe home,
While we still journey on.

And Father if the fight is hard,
The victory is sure,
And we may stand at God's right hand,
With loved ones gone before.

And still there is another yet,
That meets our eye on that scene of death,
With a little form on his heaving breast,
A casket of its jewel bereft.

And near him lay the comely form,
Of a woman whose ornaments still adorn,
And friends now seek to try and trace
To whom they belong when the man's face

A new terror began to show,
Surely that trinket I ought to know,
" 'Tis my wife's " he exclaims, then " Oh !
My God my other children are here too."

And so alas on looking round
His other darlings soon were found,
Now wife and children all are gone,
A grief which scarcely can be borne.

Oh ! Thou who dwellest up on high,
And seest such, Lord draw them nigh,
And help them through Thy chast'ning rod,
To call on Thee, the living God.

And they ladened the boat Princess Louise
Which slowly steamed beneath the trees
With its terrible freight of silent dead,
To the Sulphur Spring Gardens, their grassy
bed.

And they laid them gently side by side,
The young and the old, the babe, and the bride,
And many still shudder as they think of the
sight
That loomed out from the dark on that
terrible night.

And on the morrow from far and near
Come the coffins to use in the funeral bier,
Till from end to end of the city were none,
To be bought for money, for all were gone.

And many were buried on that first day,
After the accident but many more lay,
Till the twenty-sixth, for Mayor Campbell
said

“ Let the stores be closed while we bury our
dead.”

And the streets of the city were deserted that
day,
Save by those who went where the dead were
to lay ;
And men bared their heads at each sad pro-
cession,
And I loved London more for her consider-
ation.

While at many a door as we hurried along,
Crape, tied with black and white, was hung,
And others were waiting while we were gone
For the hearse and the cabs to return to
them.

So ended that second solemn day,
Our loved ones from our homes had passed
away,
And our hearts still bleeding began to say,
“ Why were they taken Lord! show us
why.”

And the answer came from His Holy Word,
The only answer of which I have heard,

“If any love me let him take up his cross,
And follow on after me it shall not be his
loss.”

For none hath forsaken for My name's sake,
Unholy friends, or companions who take,
My name in vain, or trades which tell,
Plainly they leadeth weak souls to hell.

But in this life rewarded shall be
And life everlasting receiveth with me.
“I would that thou lovest Me; how often I
would
Have gathered thee to Me as a hen doth
her brood.”

I've tried thee with plenty, I've tried thee
with spare,
Of loves thou hadst many, now thou art bare;
What more can I do to save you from harm?
You must be hot or cold, I can't have you
luke-warm.

“I've piped and ye danced not” with joy in
your heart
To God who gave richly. Now I've made
you to start
Back with horror. Oh! will you not try
From this time to seek Me, “for why will ye
die?”

Yes, Lord, we will seek Thee at once. - O!
forgive

All that is past, and help us to live
And work like the righteous that exalteth a
nation,

Nor forget the sad lesson in this visitation.

But from that lesson so sad and dreary,
Comes a perfume sweet and cheery ;
How easily God can raise up friends
With the trouble that He sends.

From our own and many another city
Came the helping hand of pity.

God bless them all an hundred-fold
For the sympathy of which it told.

It speaks again like Revelation,
“God of one blood hath made each nation ; ”
Help us to live like brotherhood,
Striving to do each other good.

And hasten the time when to our call,
Lord, Thou shalt come to rule us all ;
“ When we shall know Thee as Thou art
And learn to love Thee, as we ought.”

R. MARHAM.



MEMORIAL.

Lines written by a mother on the loss of a darling child by the accident of the S. S. Victoria, on the Thames, the 24th May, 1881, London, Ont., Canada. Written on the 21st August, 1881, when, feeling sad, because it is three months to-day since my darling hastened away to Sunday School with the text for the day's lesson, "Behold the Lamb of God." This was her last Sabbath on earth, as she was drowned on the next Tuesday. She was a child, wise beyond her years and thoughtful for all, especially for me, her mother. It always grieved her to see me weary and sad, being of a bright, affectionate disposition herself. She was truly one of those of whom it is said—"And they shall be all taught of God," for only so can we account for her sweetness and gentleness. She was eight years, four months and nine days old when she died.

R. MARHAM.

Sadly I miss you, my darling, my darling,
But, Lord, Thou art worthy my best to
receive;
I would not recall her, O Jesus, Thou know-
est,
For Oh ! I'm sure that with Jesus she lives.

She has gone on before me but I will not
murmur;
For Lord, Thou art worthy my best to
receive,

But humbly I'll try while I live to adore
Thee,
And show by my life how in Christ I believe.

Sadly I miss you my darling, my darling,
When to or from God's house I go or return,
Where so often thy dear feet have hastened
with gladness,
To join in the lessons thou lovest to learn.

But now thou dost see Him, of whom thou
hast heard,
Thou behold'st the Lamb of God, day
without night;
While still I am waiting until I shall hear,
The summons that calls me to share in
the sight.

Sadly I miss you my darling, my darling ;
Though my smile may be cheery and my
eye may be bright,
Still to Jesus I go when I'm lonely and
weary,
For I trust in His love and I know he is
right.

Oft' hast thou knelt with thy father and
brother

Beside me in prayer, while I gave thee to
God ;
But scarcely I knew how my footsteps
would weary,
When with them alone I walked the same
road.

But farewell, our darling ! though sadly we
miss you,
Our time, at the furthest, will not be so
long,
Before father, mother and brother shall join
thee
In glory, and singing the Seraphim's song.

R. MARHAM.







